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pose it, for it must be done. There's the character, may be the life, of a great lady at stake; so be quiet till I cover your eyes, or,' says he, lettin' out a great oath, 'it'll be worse for you. I'm a desperate man; an' sure enough, I could feel the heart of him beatin' under his ribs, as if it would burst in pieces. Well, my dears, what could I do in the hands of a man that was strong and desperate. 'So,' says I, 'cover my eyes in welcome; only, for the lady's sake, make no delay.' Wid that he dashed his spurs into the poor horse, an' he foam'in' an' smokin' like a lime-kiln already. Any way, in about half an hour I found myself in a grand bedroom; an' just as I was put into the door, he whispers me to bring the child to him in the next room, as soon as it would be born. Well, sure I did so, afther lavin' the mother in a fair way. But what 'ud you have of it?—the first thing I see, lyin' an' the table, was a purse of money an' a case o' pistols. Whin I looked at him, I thought the devil, Lord guard us! was in his face, he looked so black and terrible about the brows. 'Now, my good woman,' says he, 'so far you've acted well, but there's more to be done yet. Take your choice of these two,' says he, 'this purse, or the contents o' one o' these pistols, as your reward. You must murder the child upon the spot.' In the name of God an' his Mother, be you man or devil, I defy you,' says I; 'no innocent blood 'll ever be shed by these hands.' 'I'll give you ten minutes,' says he, 'to put an end to that brat there; an' wid that he cocked one o' the pistols. My dears, I had nothin' for it but to say in to myself a pather an' ave as fast as I could, for I thought it was all over wid me. However, glory be to God! the prayers gave me great strength, an' I spoke stoutly. 'Whin the king of Jerusalem,' says I—'an' he was a greater man than ever you'll be—whin the king of Jerusalem ordered the midwives of Aigyp to put Moses to death, they wouldn't do it, and God preserved them in spite of him, king though he was,' says I; 'an' from that day to this it was never known that a midwife took away the life of the babe she aided into the world.—No, an' I'm not goin' to be the first that'll do it.' 'The time is out,' says he, puttin' the pistol to my ear, 'but I'll give you one minute more.' 'Let me go to my knees first,' says I; 'an' now may God have mercy on my sowl, for, bad as I am, I'm willin' to die, sooner than commit murder an' the innocent.' He gave a start as I spoke, an' threw the pistol down. 'Ay,' said he, 'an' the innocent—an' the innocent—that is true! But you are an extraordinary woman: you have saved that child's life, and previnted me from committing two great crimes, for it was my intintion to murder you afther you had murdered it.' I thin, by his orders, brought the poor child to its mother, and whin I came back to the room, 'Take that purse,' says he, 'an' keep it as a reward for your honesty.' 'Wid the help o' God,' says I, 'a penny of it will never come into my company, so it's no use to ax me.' 'Well,' says he, 'afore you lave this, you must swear not to mention to a livin' sowl what has happened this night, for a year and a day.' It didn't signify to me whether I mintioned it or not; so being jack-indifferent about it, I tuck the oath, and kept it. He thin bound my eyes agin, hoisted me up behind him, an' in a short time left me at home. Indeed, I wasn't the better o' the start it tuck out o' me for as good as six weeks afther!"

The company now began to grow musical; several songs were sung; and when the evening got farther advanced, a neighbouring fiddler was sent for, and the little party had a dance in the barn, to which they adjourned lest the noise might disturb Mrs Keho, had they held it in the dwelling-house. Before this occurred, however, the "midwife's glass" went the round of the gossips, each of whom drank her health, and dropped some silver, at the same time, into the bottom of it. It was then returned to her, and with a smiling face she gave the following toast:—"Health to the parent stock! So long as it thrives, there will always be branches! Corny Keho, long life an' good health to you an' yours! May your son live to see himself as happy as his father! Youngsters, here's that you may follow a good example! The company's health in general I wish; an', Paddy Rafferty, that you may never have a blind child but you'll have a lame one to lead it!—ha! ha! ha! What's the world widout a joke? I must see the good woman an' my little son afore I go; but as I won't follow yez to the barn, I'll bid yez good night, neighbours, an' the blessin' of Rose Moan be among yez!"

And so also do we take leave of our old friend Rose Moan, the Irish Midwife, who we understand took her last leave of the world only about a twelvemonth ago.

THE BAROMETZ, OR TARTARIAN LAMB.

BEFORE steam and all the other facilities for travel had made us so well acquainted with the productions of remote parts of the earth as we are at present, every traveller on his return astonished his auditors or the readers of his works with accounts of monsters which existed only as the creations of his ingenuity, and to give importance to his discoveries. One out of many which could be produced, and which, as they may afford innocent amusement, we purpose from time to time to bring under the notice of the readers of the Penny Journal, we lately met with in an account of Struy's Travels through Russia, Tartary, &c, in the seventeenth century. The object of wonder was in this case the Scythian or Tartarian lamb, a creature which, it was stated, sprang from the ground like a plant, and, restrained to the spot on which it was produced, devoured every vegetable production within its reach, and was itself in turn eaten by the wolves of the country. This singular production has since been found to be nothing more than a plant of the fern tribe, the *Aspidium barometz*, found occasionally in arid plains, where scarcely any other vegetable production can exist; it rises like many others of the tree ferns with a rugged or shaggy stem; and the plant having decayed or been uprooted by any accident, it is not impossible that by means of a storm or otherwise it might be found supported on its feet, namely, the stumps of the leaves; but that it pastured on other plants, or was mistaken by the wolves for a lamb, although speculations which the wonder-seeking traveller might be tempted to indulge in, it need hardly be said are ornamental additions introduced to suit the taste of the narrator, and to pander to that love of the marvellous which prevailed in the age in which he lived. The following is his account of this wonderful plant-animal:—

"On the western side of the Volga there is an elevated salt plain of great extent, but wholly uncultivated and uninhabited. On this plain (which furnishes all the neighbouring countries with salt) grows the boranez, or bornitch. This wonderful plant has the shape and appearance of a lamb, with feet, head, and tail distinctly formed. Boranez, in the language of Muscovy, signifies a little lamb. Its skin is covered with very white down, as soft as silk. The Tartars and Muscovites esteem it highly, and preserve it with great care in their houses, where I have seen many such lambs. The sailor who gave me one of those precious plants found it in a wood, and had its skin made into an under-waistcoat. I learned at Astracan from those who were best acquainted with the subject, that the lamb grows upon a stalk about three feet high, that the part by which it is sustained is a kind of navel, and that it turns itself round, and bends down to reach the herbage which serves it for food. They also said that it dries up and pines away when the grass fails. To this I objected, that the languor and occasional withering might be natural to it, as plants are accustomed to fade at certain times. To this they replied, that they had also once thought so, but that numerous experiments had proved the contrary to be the fact, such as cutting away, or by other means corrupting or destroying the grass all around it; after which they assured me that it fell into a languishing state and decayed insensibly. These persons also added, that the wolves are very fond of these vegetable lambs, and devour them with avidity, because they resemble in taste the animals whose name they bear, and that in fact they have bones, blood, and flesh, and hence they are called zoophytes, or plant-animals. Many other things I was likewise told, which might, however, appear scarcely probable to such as have not seen them." M.

METHOD OF MAKING TAR AT ARCHANGEL.—They dig a hole in the ground, of sufficient size, some two or three fathoms deep, and little more than half way down they make a platform of wood, and thereon heap earth about a foot deep, except in the middle, where a hole is left in the form of a tunnel. They then fill the pit with fir billets piled up from the platform, and rising about a fathom or more above ground, which part they wall about with turf and clay to keep in the fire. They command the fire by quenching: for which use they make a lixivium of the ashes of fir. When all is ready, they set fire a-top, and keep the wood burning, but very leisurely, till it has sunk within a foot or two of the partition; and then they heave out the fire as fast as it is possible; for if it once laid hold of the tar which is settled down into the lower pit, it blows all up forthwith. These tar-pits take up

a great deal of trouble, and many men to tend them during the time of their burning, that the fire may descend even and leisurely, whereby the tar may have time to soak out of the wood, and settle down into the pit. As it comes from the wood it is pure tar, but in the pit it mixes with water, which issues from the wood also; therefore it is afterwards clarified.

—*Life of Sir Wudley North.*

AURORA BOREALIS.—According to Crantz, the Greenlanders hold the northern lights for a game of tennis, or for a dance of departed souls; and this opinion is not a whit more irrational than the superstition of the oriental nations, the Greeks and Romans, and all the unenlightened people of the middle ages, who, in the aurora borealis, and other fiery meteors, saw fighting armies, flaming swords, chariots and spears, battles and blood, and even thought that they heard the clashing of arms and the sound of martial music. In the rainbow the ancient inhabitants of the north discovered a bridge from earth to heaven, and called it the bridge of the gods, which was watched by a dog, whom no art could elude, and whose auditory faculty was such, that he could hear the grass grow or the wool on the sheep's back; the Kamschatkadales make of it a new garment for their aerial spirits, edged with fringes of red-coloured seal-skin, and leather thongs of various gaudy dyes.

THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

"Primus ordo sanctissimus; secundus ordo sanctorum; tertius sanctus. Primus sicut sol ardescit; secundus sicut luna; tertius sicut stellæ."—See the ancient catalogue of the three classes of Irish saints, as published by Usher and Lanigan.

There lived in Erin's hallowed borders,
In days of yore, three saintly Orders.
And first, the simple HOLY :—They
Shed like the stars a flickering ray.
The second—**HOLIER**—poured a light
Moon-like, subdued and calmly bright.
The third, or **HOLIEST** of all,
Shone like the sun—or like Saint Paul.

But, oh, the state of man's unrest
In good!—the *last* were first and best.
The *middle* but a term between
The purest and the least serene;
Less than the greatest—greater far
Than those whose emblem is the star.
Waning they ran a downward race,
With fainter faith and lessening grace,
Till, reaching to the stage most lowly,
The least and latest were the Holy.

Oh, that they there had staid!—that sin
Had, to this swept and garnished inn
Returning, found the entrance barred,
And Faith still keeping watch and ward!—
Alas!—they slept in Ease's bower;
They could not "watch one little hour."
The stars their ineffectual light
In slumber sealed. The thief by night
Entered; and o'er the rich domain
Sowed tares among the better grain.
Sin flourished;—poverty and strife
Embittered all the charms of life;
And passion, with unbounded sway,
Swept sun and moon and stars away.

And yet not ever such, sweet Isle,
Shall be thy fate. The stars shall smile
Again upon thy valleys green,
Again the moon shall beam serene
Upon thy mountains; and the bright
Celestial sun clothe thee with light,
With plenty bless, and warm and cheer
Thy long-delayed millennial year.

Even now the sacred morning dawns,
The clouds are fleeing from thy lawns;
And, as light thickens in the sky,
Lo! Riot and Intemperance fly;
And chaste sobriety imparts
Her eup, and Industry her arts.
Peace, Love, and Holiness once more
Row their sweet ark towards thy shore;
And Heaven renews the favouring smile
That made thee once the **SAINTLY ISLE**.

ANIMAL CHARMING, OR THE SUBJUGATION OF ANIMALS BY MEANS OF CHARMS, SPELLS, OR DRUGS.

Third and Concluding Article.

IN my last paper I endeavoured to show how exceedingly absurd and unfounded was the notion of the Abbé Dubois and Denon, that the serpent-charmers of India were and are a set of juggling impostors, who practise on the credulity of the vulgar, and vainly set forward pretensions to an art which has no actual existence, and which, consequently, possesses no legitimate claims on the attention of the philosophic inquirer. I now wish to bring all that I would observe upon this very curious subject to a conclusion. I acknowledge my inability to furnish my readers with a thorough explanation of the means by which these wonders are performed, but I think I may be able, at all events, to suggest such hints as may place them on the direct path to the attainment of the knowledge they desire; after which, nothing will be necessary but some degree of research and perseverance to afford them a complete gratification of their wishes.

It is evident, that whatever may be the supplementary means employed in serpent-charming, music is necessary to its accomplishment. I should not be satisfied on this point were it merely dependent upon the assertions of the jugglers themselves, as in such case it might not unnaturally be set down as a mere external cloak for some more important secret which the performers did not wish to be discovered; and for this reason I made the observation in my first article on this subject, that the precise importance of the music in these operations was not as yet entirely apparent. I wish it to be understood, however, that although the degree of importance in which music should be held as an adjunct to the charming of snakes, or as a primary part of the process, has not as yet been ascertained by those who have investigated or endeavoured to investigate the business, and published the results of their inquiries, I for my part am fully satisfied on the subject. To return, however, to our more immediate matter of discussion.

Many have conceived that serpent-charming depends in the first instance upon the snakes being previously deprived of their fangs, and thus rendered innocuous. This opinion I have already demonstrated as palpably erroneous. Others, again, hold that the jugglers possess a power, by eating certain herbs, or chewing the leaves or roots of certain plants, of rendering themselves proof against animal poisons. In order to render themselves perfectly secure, it is said that their practice is to chew the herbs, to inoculate various parts of their body with the juice, and even bathe themselves in water in which these herbs have been steeped. It is supposed that the bodies of the charmers thus become not merely proof against the most deadly poison should they chance to be bitten, but that those thus prepared exhale from their persons an odour which produces a benumbing or stupefying effect upon the reptiles, and renders them an easy capture. Whether or not it be true that such is the case, we know that the Psylli not merely profess the power of charming snakes, but also that of curing by spells, and the application of certain herbs, such as have been bitten by them. We are informed by the historian and biographer Plutarch, that Cato in his march through the desert took with him many of those persons called Psylli (then a distinct tribe, though at the present day that name is applied indiscriminately to all professing the art of serpent-charming) to suck out the poison from the wounds of any of his soldiers that might chance to be bitten by any of the numerous venomous serpents which infested his route. The powers of the Psylli were then always attributed to magic, and the performers themselves took care to confirm that opinion by accompanying the application of remedies to their patients with muttered spells or elaborately wrought and imposing incantations. This is a testimony respecting the ancient repute in which charmers were held, not lightly to be rejected.

While some travellers are too sceptical, I have likewise to complain that others are too credulous. For instance, while Dubois and Denon scout the idea of serpents being charmed at all, Bruce asserts, and that from minute personal observation, that all the blacks of Sennaar are completely armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. "They will," says he, "take their horned snakes (there the most common and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe) in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at one